Emilia Galotti!

Act. 5.

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EMILIA GALOTTI.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

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BY

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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EMILIA GALOTTI.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* PRINCE'S *cabinet.*

The PRINCE *is discovered sitting at a desk, which is covered with papers.*

Prince. (*Glancing over some of them.*) COMPLAINTS —nothing but complaints! Petitions—nothing but petitions!—What a distressing situation is mine! Yet princes are envied.—Yes. Could we relieve all who apply to us, we might with justice be envied——Emilia? (*Looking at the signature of a petition.*) But Emilia Bruneschi—not Galotti. What does this Emilia Bruneschi want? (*Reads.*) She requires much—but her name is Emilia. Her petition shall be granted. (*Signs the paper and rings.*)

Enter a Servant.

Are any of the council in the antichamber?

Ser. None, may it please your highness.

Prince. I have begun the day at too early an hour. The weather invites me abroad. Order the coach, and send for Marinelli. He shall accompany me. [*Exit* Servant. I can attend to nothing more. I was composed—at least I fancied so—till this petition caught my eye—the petition of an Emilia. Farewel to all composure.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. I have sent to the marquis.—A letter from the Countess Orsina.

Prince. Orsina! Leave it on the table.

Ser. The messenger waits—

Prince. I will send an answer, if it be necessary. Where is she? In town, or at her villa?

Ser. She came to town yesterday.

Prince. So much the worse—better I mean! The messenger has so much the less occasion to wait. [*Exit* Servant. My dear countess! *(With asperity, as he takes up the letter.)* What matters it whether I read it or not? *(Throwing it away again.)* Why yes—I once thought I loved her—perhaps too I really did—but the sensation has no longer any place in my breast.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Conti the painter requests the honour—

Prince. Conti! 'Tis well. Admit him. His conversation will give another turn to my ideas.

Enter CONTI.

Good morning, Conti! How fare you? How do the arts thrive?

Con. They go a begging.

Prince. That they must not, and shall not, in my small territory, if the artist be willing to work.

Con. Work! I feel a pleasure in it. But an artist, who is obliged to work too much, will soon cease to deserve that title.

Prince. You misunderstand me. I do not mean that his works should be extensive, but that strict attention should be devoted to them.—Well, Conti, you have brought something with you?

Con. The portrait, which your highness ordered—as well as another, not ordered by your highness, but which, I think, deserves inspection.

Prince. The first is—I scarcely recollect—

Con. The countess Orsina.

Prince. True.—The order was given so long ago, that I had almost forgotten it.

Con. Our fine women are not every day at an artist's command. The countess has only been pleased to sit once during the last three months.

Prince. Where are the portraits?

Con. In the antichamber. I'll bring them to your highness. [*Exit.*

Prince. Her picture may come—for her picture is not herself. Perhaps, too, I may again find in that what I no longer perceive in herself. But I wish not to find it again. Yet when I loved her, I was always jocund and happy.—Now I am exactly the reverse.—No, no, no. My ideas are more pleasant, though less extravagant.

Re-enter CONTI, *with the pictures.*

Con. (*Places one of them with the front towards a chair, and prepares the other for the* Prince's *inspection.*) I must beg that your highness will confine yourself to the boundaries of our art. Stand here.

Prince. (*After having surveyed the picture for a few moments.*) Excellent, Conti—most excellent!—It does credit to your skill. But you have flattered her beyond all measure.

Con. The countess appeared to be of another opinion—and, in fact, I have flattered her no more than art must flatter. Art is obliged to paint as plastic nature designed the form, without the deduction which the opposing materials necessarily cause—without the deduction occasioned by the ravages of time.

Prince. A reflecting artist has a right to twofold credit. The original of this picture found, notwithstanding—

Con. I beg your highness not to mistake me. The original is a person who has a claim to my respect. I did not mean that any expression should escape my lips, which conveyed a contrary idea.

Prince. As many as you please.—Well! What said she?

Con. "I am satisfied," she said, "if I be not plainer."

Prince. Not plainer!—Exactly like her.

Con. And she said it with a look—of which I own this picture shews no trace.

Prince. That was my idea, when I told you how much you had flattered her.—Oh, I know that proud contemptuous look you mention. It would disguise the countenance of a Grace. I am willing to allow that a pretty mouth may, by a little satirical contraction, acquire additional beauty; but, observe me, this contraction must not extend to grimace, as it does in the countess. The eyes too ought to accompany this expression of satire—eyes, which the countess has not, either in reality or in this picture.

Con. Your highness's expressions quite astonish me.

Prince. Why so? All the beauty which art could bestow upon the bold, large, prominent Medusa's eyes of the countess, you have honestly bestowed.—Honestly, I say. But you might, in my opinion, have been more honest. For tell

me yourself, Conti—does this picture express the character of the original? You have converted pride into dignity, disdain into a smile, and gloomy caprice into placid melancholy.

Con. (*Somewhat chagrined.*) Your highness must excuse me, if I say, that we painters expect the picture, when finished, to find the lover as warm as when he ordered it. We paint with the eyes of love, and the eyes of love alone must decide upon our works.

Prince. Well, well, Conti! you should have brought the picture a month since, then—Lay it aside.—What is the other?

Con. (*Taking it up, and still holding it turned from the* Prince.) Likewise the portrait of a female.

Prince. Then I had almost—rather not see it. For the image depicted here, (*Placing his finger on his forehead*)—or rather here (*Placing his finger on his heart*) it cannot equal. I should like, Conti, to admire your art in other subjects.

Con. Other artists may certainly produce more admirable portraits; but a more admirable subject cannot exist.

Prince. Then I'll bet a trifling sum, Conti, that it is the portrait of your own mistress. (Conti *turns the picture.*) What do I see? Is this your work, or do my eyes deceive me?—Emilia Galotti!

Con. How! Does your highness know this angel?

Prince. (*Endeavouring to compose himself, but unable to remove his eyes from the picture.*) A little—just enough to recognise her again. A few weeks since I saw her with her mother in a carriage—since that time only in sacred places—where I had not so good an opportunity of observing her. I know her father, too. He is not my friend. He it was, who most violently opposed my pretensions to Sabionetta. He is a proud, harsh, hasty old man, but in every other respect worthy of esteem.

Con. You speak of the father—but this is the daughter—

Prince. It is. By heavens, you must have stolen the resemblance from her mirror. (*With his eyes still rivetted upon the picture.*) Oh, Conti! you know that the artist is best praised when his works make us forget to praise.

Con. Yet, I am extremely dissatisfied with this portrait—and am, notwithstanding, satisfied in being dissatisfied with myself.—What a pity is it that we cannot paint with our eyes! It is so long a journey from the eye, through the arm, to the pencil, that much, very much is lost. But as I have already said, though I know what is lost, though I know how it is lost, I am as proud, nay prouder of this loss, than of what I have retained. For by the former I perceive, more than by the latter, that *I* am a good painter, though my hand is not always so. Is not your highness convinced that Raphael would have had as great a genius as any painter ever possessed, had he unfortunately been born without hands?

Prince. (*Turning his eyes for a moment from the picture.*) What say you, Conti? What do you want to know?

Con. Oh nothing, nothing.——Your soul, I perceive, was quite in your eyes. I love such souls, and such eyes.

Prince. (*With affected coldness.*) You really then, Conti, think Emilia Galotti one of our first beauties.

Con. One of them! Yes. The very first.—Your highness is disposed to banter me—or you must, for some time, have seen as little as you have heard.

Prince. Dear Conti—(*Again rivetting his eyes on the picture.*) No one but a painter can properly decide on beauty?

Con. And should every one's sensations, then, wait for the decision of a painter?—To a cloister let the torpid creature retire, who would learn of us what is beautiful.—But thus much I must, as a painter, own to your highness. I shall ever consider it one of the greatest delights which I

have felt in this world, that Emilia Galotti has sat to me. This head, this countenance, this forehead, these eyes, this nose, this mouth, this chin, this neck, this bosom, this shape, this whole form, are from the present time my only model of female beauty. The picture itself, for which she sat, is in the possession of her father; but this copy—

Prince. (*Suddenly turning to him.*) Is not promised to any one, Conti.

Con. Is for your highness, if it be liked.

Prince. Liked! (*Smiling.*) Can I do better, Conti, than make your model of female beauty my own? Take back the other portrait——and procure a frame for it.

Con. I will.

Prince. As rich and magnificent as the carver can make it; for the picture is intended to be hung in the gallery. But this may remain here. As it is necessary that I should study the model of beauty, it must not be hung against a wall, but always at hand. I thank you, Conti, I thank you sincerely.—As I have already told you, the arts shall never beg their bread in my dominions—as long as I have any.—Send to my treasurer, Conti, and let him pay you for both the portraits—what you please—as much as you please.

Con. I am almost afraid that your highness means to reward me for something further than my skill.

Prince. How easily is the jealousy of an artist roused!—No, no.—Do you hear, Conti?—As much as you please.

[*Exit* Conti.

Yes—as much as he pleases. (*Turning to the picture.*) Thou art bought too cheap at any price. Oh thou enchanting work of art, is it true that I possess thee?—Thou enchanting master-piece of nature, would I could possess thee, too! Claim what you will, honest mother—claim what thou wilt, morose old father. Demand any price.—Yet, dear enchantress, I should be more happy, far more happy, could I buy

thee of thyself:—This eye—how modest, how bewitching! This mouth—when it opens to address the adoring hearer—when it smiles.——Ha! Some one comes. I am as yet too envious of thee. *(Turns the picture to the wall.)* It is Marinelli.—I wish I had not sent for him. What a morning might I have had!

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. I hope your highness will pardon my delay. I was not prepared for so early a summons.

Prince. The morning was so fine, that I felt an inclination to take the air—but now it seems rather gloomy, and my inclination has subsided. *(After a short pause.)* Any news, Marinelli?

Mar. I have heard nothing of consequence.—The countess Orsina arrived in town yesterday.

Prince. Yes—here lies her morning salutation, *(Pointing to the letter.)* or whatever else it may be. I feel no inclination to read it.—Have you seen her?

Mar. Am I not unfortunately her confidant?—But if I again fill that situation with any lady, who may think proper to love your highness so sincerely, may I—

Prince. Make no rash vows, Marinelli.

Mar. Indeed! Is it possible?—Then the countess is not so very wrong in her suspicions.

Prince. Very wrong, most certainly. My approaching union with the Princess of Massa, makes it necessary that I should for the present break off all connexions of such a nature.

Mar. If this be the case, Orsina will certainly know as well how to submit to her fate as the Prince to his.

Prince. Mine is undoubtedly more severe. My heart becomes a sacrifice to the welfare of the state, whereas she need but withdraw her's, without being obliged to bestow it on another against her inclination.

Mar. Withdraw it—"Why withdraw it," says the countess, "for the sake of a wife, whom policy, not affection, unites to the prince?"—In such a case, if she be still beloved, she can retain her former situation. It is not therefore a wife, for whose sake she expects to be sacrificed, but——

Prince. Another object of affection. Well, Marinelli, should you think me criminal, if Orsina were right in her conjectures?

Mar. I!—I hope your highness does not confound my sentiments with those of the silly woman, whose cause I assert—from compassion assert; for yesterday she affected me in a most singular manner. She wished to be perfectly silent on your present coldness. She affected to be quite composed. But in the midst of the most indifferent subjects, some expression, some reference escaped her, which betrayed the affliction of her heart. With an air of gaiety she said the most melancholy things, and, on the contrary, made the most ridiculous remarks with the mien of deep distress. She has taken recourse to books, which, I fear, will complete her malady.

Prince. Yes, for books at first deranged her shallow understanding—But that, which was the chief cause of our separation, you will scarcely use, Marinelli, for the purpose of renewing my attachment.—If love robbed her of her senses, it is certain she would have lost them, sooner or later, had she never felt the influence of love.—And now, enough of her!—Let us turn to some other subject.—Is nothing new, then, going forward in town?

Mar. Nothing—or next to it—for that count Appiani is to be married to-day, is next to nothing.

Prince. Count Appiani! To whom? I never heard that it was talked of.

Mar. It has been kept a profound secret—and, indeed, there was not much to talk of.—Your highness will laugh—

but such is ever the fate of sentimental young men. Love always contrives to play them tricks of the worst kind. A girl without property or rank, has contrived to catch him in her snares, with very little trouble—merely a parade of virtue, sensibility, and so forth.

Prince. He who can, without hesitation, resign himself to the impressions which innocence and beauty make upon him, is, in my opinion, rather to be envied than derided.—What is the name of the happy fair one?—For, though I know, Marinelli, that you and Appiani dislike each other, he is, nevertheless, a very worthy young man, a handsome man, a rich man, an honourable man. I should be happy, if I could gain his good opinion—and shall think of the means.

Mar. If it be not too late—for, as far as I can learn, it is not his intention to make his fortune at court.—He intends to retire with his sweet spouse, to his estate in Piedmont—that he may indulge himself in chasing goats upon the Alps, and training marmots.—What can he do better? Here his credit is destroyed by the base connexion he has formed. The first circles will, of course, no longer admit him.

Prince. The first circles!—Why mention them? Does not form, constraint, *ennui*, and often poverty appertain to them?—But let me hear the name of the fair damsel, who is the cause of all these wonderous sacrifices?

Mar. One Emilia Galotti.

Prince. What, Marinelli? One — — —

Mar. Emilia Galotti.

Prince. Emilia Galotti! Never!

Mar. Most certainly. Your highness—

Prince. I tell you, *no*. It cannot be.—You have mistaken the name.—The family of Galotti is extensive.—It may be a Galotti—but not Emilia Galotti—not Emilia.

Mar. Emilia—Emilia Galotti.

Prince. Then there must be another who bears both the same names.—You said *one* Emilia Galotti. You said it in

a careless tone—one Emilia Galotti—in a tone, that if speaking of the Emilia I mean, none but a fool could use.

Mar. You are incensed. Does your highness know this Emilia?

Prince. It is my place to ask, not your's.—Is she the daughter of Colonel Galotti, who resides at Sabionetta?

Mar. The same.

Prince. Is it she who lives with her mother in Guastalla?

Mar. The same.

Prince. Not far from the church of All-Saints.

Mar. The same.

Prince. In a word—*(Seizes the portrait and gives it to* Marinelli.) There! Is it this Emilia Galotti. Repeat thy two damning words "*the same,*" and plunge a dagger in my heart.

Mar. The same.

Prince. Hell and torments!—This—this Emilia Galotti will to-day become—

Mar. The countess Appiani. (*The* Prince *snatches the picture from* Marinelli *and throws it aside.* Marinelli *proceeds.*) The ceremony will be privately performed at the father's villa in Sabionetta. Towards noon, the mother and daughter, the count, and perhaps a friend or two, will leave town together.

Prince. (Throws himself into a chair.) Then I am lost, and will no longer live.

Mar. What thus affects your highness?

Prince. (Starting from his chair.) Traitor!—What affects me thus!—Hear me. I love her—I adore her. Yes, you may know it—nay, doubtless, long have known it; but you and many more wish me to wear, for ever, the ignominious fetters of the proud Orsina.—That you, Marinelli, who have so often assured me how sincere was your friendship—but a prince has no friends—that you should act so treacherously, so deceitfully, as to conceal, till this moment,

the dangers which threatened my attachment — — — Oh, if I ever forgive it, may my sins never be forgiven.

Mar. Prince, I am thunderstruck. I cannot find words to express my astonishment.—You love Emilia Galotti?—Hear me, then. If I ever had the smallest knowledge, or suspicion of this attachment, may I be numbered with the damned!—

Prince. Pardon me, then, Marinelli—*(Throwing himself into his arms.)* and pity me.

Mar. Well, yes, prince. Now see the consequence of your reserve. "A prince has no friends." And why? Because he will have none. To-day you honour us with your confidence, entrust to us your most secret wishes, open your whole soul to us,—and to-morrow we are as perfect strangers to you, as if you had never exchanged a word with us.

Prince. Alas, Marinelli, how could I entrust to you a secret which I would scarcely confess to myself?

Mar. And have, therefore, of course, not confessed to the author of your uneasiness?

Prince. To her!—All my endeavours to obtain a second conversation have been fruitless.

Mar. And the first—

Prince. Ask no more questions, unless you wish to drive me to distraction. You see me struggling in the waves. Why enquire how it happened? Save me if you can—then begin to ask questions.

Mar. Save you! Is there any great difficulty in doing that? What your highness has not had an opportunity of confessing to Emilia Galotti must be confessed to the countess Appiani. Goods, which cannot be obtained in their primitive perfection, must be bought at second hand—and are often, on that account, bought at a cheaper rate.

Prince. Be serious, Marinelli, or—

Mar. To be sure, such articles are generally so much worse—

Prince. You go too far, Marinelli.

Mar. But the count intends to leave this country.—Well, we must devise some scheme—

Prince. Dearest, best of friends—yes—devise a scheme for me. What would you do, were you in my situation?

Mar. I would think a trifle no more than a trifle, and resolve to exercise the power which I possessed.

Prince. Mention not a power, of which I can, on this occasion, make no use. To-day, said you?—This very day?

Mar. To-day, it is intended that the nuptials shall be solemnized—but, till that is absolutely the case, you may still cherish hope. (*After a short pause.*) Prince, will you let me act as I please? Will you approve all I do?

Prince. Any thing, Marinelli, which can avert this blow.

Mar. Let us, then, lose no time. You must not remain in town, but go to your palace at Dosalo. The party will pass it in their way to Sabionetta. Should I not succeed in eluding the count's vigilance, I think — — yes, yes, he will be caught in that snare without doubt. You wish to send an ambassador to Massa respecting your marriage. Let the count be ambassador, and order him to depart this very day.

Prince. Excellent!—Bring him to my palace.—Haste, haste!—I will leave town instantly. [*Exit* Marinelli.] Where is it? (*Turns to the portrait.*) On the earth! That was too bad. (*Takes it up.*) Yet still I will not look at thee. Why should I plunge the arrow deeper into my heart? (*Lays it on the table.*) I have sighed long enough—longer than I ought.—My inactivity had nearly ruined all.—And may not all be yet lost?—May not Marinelli fail in his attempt?—Why should I rely on him alone?—It occurs to me that at this hour, (*Looks at his watch*) at this very hour, the pious girl constantly attends mass at the church of the Dominicans.—How, if I attempted to obtain a moment's conversation?—But to-day—the day of her marriage—her

mind will be occupied with other things than mass.—Yet, who knows?—I'll make the essay. (*Rings.*)

Enter SERVANT.

My carriage!—Are none of the council arrived?

Ser. Camillo Rota waits without.

Prince. Admit him. (*Exit* Servant.) But he must not attempt to detain me long. At another time, I will attend to his scrupulous investigations. — — There was a petition of one Emilia Bruneschi — — here it is—but good Bruneschi, if she who induced me to grant it—

Enter CAMILLO ROTA.

Come, Rota, come.—There lie the papers which I have examined this morning. You will know what is to be done.

Cam. I will attend to them.

Prince. Here is a petition from one Emilia Galot—Bruneschi. I have already agreed to it, and signed it—but the request is not a trifle.—You may defer the matter—or not defer it, as you please.

Cam. As your highness pleases.

Prince. Have you brought any thing?

Cam. Sentence of death for your highness's signature.

Prince. With all my heart!—Where is it?

Cam. (*Starts and gazes at the* prince.) I said a death-warrant.

Prince. I understood you. Where is it? I am in haste.

Cam. (*Looking at his papers.*) I really believe I have not brought it. I beg your highness's forgiveness. It can be signed to-morrow.

Prince. True.—To-morrow, more, Rota. [*Exit.*

Cam. (*Shaking his head, as he collects the papers.*)

" With all my heart!"—So ready to sign the condemnation of a fellow-creature. I would not have been instrumental in procuring his signature at such a moment, had the criminal murdered my own son. — — " With all my heart!"— The words have stunned me. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Room in* GALOTTI's *House. Enter* CLAUDIA *and* PIRRO, *from opposite Sides.*

Cla. Who arrived just now?

Pir. My master, madam.

Cla. My husband? Is it possible?

Pir. Here he comes.

Cla. So unexpectedly—(*Hastens towards him.*) My dearest lord!

Enter ODOARDO.

Odo. Good-morning, my love. My arrival surprises you, no doubt.

Cla. Most agreeably—if you bring no bad news.

Odo. None whatever. The happiness, which awaited me to-day, would not allow me to sleep. The morning was so fine, and the ride so short—in a word, I am come to see how busy you are, and shall return immediately. Where is Emilia? Occupied by dress, I suppose?

Cla. No. She is much better employed; for she is gone to hear mass. She said she ought, to-day, to pray for heaven's blessing, more than on any other day—then took her veil, and went.

Odo. Alone!

Cla. It is but a few steps—

Odo. One step on the path of error is enough.

Cla. Be not angry—but come in and take some refreshment.

Dramatis Personae.

PRINCE *of Guastalla.*
MARQUIS MARINELLI, *his favourite.*
COUNT APPIANI.
CAMILLO ROTA, *a privy-counsellor.*
ODOARDO GALOTTI, *father of* Emilia.
CONTI, *a painter.*
ANGELO, *an assassin.*
PIRRO, *servant of* Galotti.
BAPTIST, *servant of* Marinelli.

COUNTESS ORSINA, *the* Prince's *mistress.*
CLAUDIA GALOTTI, *mother of* Emilia.
EMILIA GALOTTI.

Servants

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Odo. Well, well, as you like.—But she ought not to have gone alone.

Cla. Stay here, Pirro, and if any one enquire for us, say we decline all visits to-day. (*Exeunt* Odo *and* Claudia.

Pir. I shall have enough to do; for I have been plagued by fifty inquisitive people already.—Who comes this way?

Enter ANGELO *in a short mantle, with which he conceals his face.*

Ang. Pirro! Pirro!

Pir. An acquaintance, it seems. (Angelo *throws back the mantle.)* Heavens! Angelo!

Ang. Yes, Angelo, as you perceive.—I have been wandering long enough round the house, in order to find some opportunity of speaking to you.

Pir. And dare you appear in public? Don't you know, that, in consequence of your last murder, a reward is offered for your head?

Ang. You don't intend to claim it, I presume?

Pir. What do you mean by coming hither?

Ang. (*Shews a purse.)* There! That belongs to you.

Pir. To me!

Ang. Have you forgotten the old gentleman—your last master?—

Pir. Don't mention him, I beseech you.

Ang. —Whom you led into our clutches on the road to Pisa.

Pir. Consider—if any one should overhear us—

Ang. You remember his diamond-ring.—It was so valuable, that we could not immediately convert it into money, without exciting suspicion. At length, however, I have succeeded. I received a hundred pistoles for it, and this is your share. Take it.

Pir. No—no—you may keep it.

Ang. Well, with all my heart! If you chuse to risk your life without any hope of recompence—

Pir. Give me the purse, then. (*Takes it.*) And now, what do you want? For, that you came in search of me merely to give me this money—

Ang. Seems to you not very natural. What do you mean? Do you think I would with-hold what is due to you? That may be customary among honest people, but we don't follow their fashions.—Farewel!—(*Affects to be going, but turns at the door.*) One question I must ask. Why did old Galotti come in such a hurry to town this morning?

Pir. For no reason in the world, but because the weather tempted him to ride. His daughter will be married at Sabionetta this evening, to count Appiani. He cannot stay here till the party leaves town—

Ang. Then he will return soon?

Pir. So soon, that if you remain any longer, he will discover you.—But you surely have no thoughts of attacking him. Beware, Angelo. He is a man—

Ang. Don't I know him? Have I not served under him in the army?—At what time do the young people leave town?

Pir. Towards noon.

Ang. Will many friends accompany them?

Pir. None. A single carriage will contain the party, which consists of the mother, the daughter, and the count.

Ang. How many servants will attend them?

Pir. Only two.—I shall ride forward to apprize the old man — —

Ang. Right, right. Another question. Is the carriage Galotti's or the count's?

Pir. The count's. But surely you cannot think that the few ornaments which the bride may wear will reward you for—

Ang. Then the bride herself shall be my reward.

Pir. And you mean that I should be your accomplice in this crime, too?

Ang. Ride forward, and take no trouble about the matter.

Pir. Never!

Ang. What?—I believe the fellow means to play a conscientious part,—Pirro, you know me. If you utter a syllable—if every circumstance be not as you have described it—

Pir. But, Angelo, for heaven's sake—

Ang. Do what you cannot avoid. [*Exit.*

Pir. Wretch that I am!—This villain—But my master comes.

Enter ODOARDO *and* CLAUDIA.

Odo. She stays too long.

Cla. Be not in such great haste. It would distress her to learn that you had been here, without having seen your only child.

Odo. I must wait upon the count, too. How eager am I to call this worthy man my son! His conduct enchants me, and, above every thing, his resolution to pass his days at a distance from the bustle of the world.

Cla. My heart almost breaks when I think of it.—Must we so entirely lose our only child?

Odo. Can you think you have lost her, when you know she is in the arms of an affectionate husband? If she be happy, you ought to be fully satisfied.—You almost make me again suspect that your motive for remaining with her in town, far from an affectionate husband and father, was the dissipation of the world, and proximity of the court, rather than the necessity of giving her a proper education.

Cla. How unjust a suspicion!—But to-day, Odoardo, I may be allowed to speak somewhat in favour of town and

court, though both are to you so hateful—for here alone could love have introduced to each other a couple formed for mutual comfort—here alone could the count have discovered our Emilia.

Odo. That I allow. But were you right, good Claudia, because the event has been fortunate?—It is well that the plan has ended so happily. Let us not affect to be wise, when we have only been fortunate. It is well that the plan has ended so happily. They, who were destined for each other, have found each other.—Now, let them go where peace and innocence invite them.—Why should the count remain here? To cringe—to fawn—to flatter—to supplant the Marinellis—to make a fortune which he does not want—to obtain a dignity, which he does not value? Pirro!

Pir. Sir!

Odo. Lead my horse to the count's door. I'll follow you anon, and mount it there. [*Exit* Pirro. Why should the count serve here, when he may command elsewhere?—Besides, you do not consider, that, by marrying my daughter, he is sure to lose the prince's favour totally. The prince hates me—

Cla. Less, perhaps, than you fear.

Odo. Fear! I fear his hate! Never!

Cla. For—did I tell you that he has seen our daughter?

Odo. The prince! Where?

Cla. At the ball given by the chancellor Grimaldi, which he honoured with his presence. He conducted himself so graciously towards her—

Odo. Graciously!

Cla. Yes. He conversed with her for some time.

Odo. Conversed with her!

Cla. Appeared to be delighted with her cheerfulness and good sense.

Odo. Delighted!

Cla. Spoke of her elegance and beauty, in terms of admiration.

Odo. Admiration! And all this you relate to me in a tone of rapture!

Cla. Why should I not?

Odo. Well, well.—This, too, has ended happily.—Ha! when I think — — — That were the place where a wound would be to me most mortal.—A libertine, who admires, instantly desires.—Claudia! Claudia!—The very thought rouses my fury.—You ought to have mentioned this to me at the very time it happened.—But to-day I would not willingly say any thing unpleasant to you. And I should, (*Taking her hand*) were I to stay longer.—Therefore, let me begone. God be with you, Claudia. [*Exit.*

Cla. What a man!—What rigid virtue—if virtue that should be called, to which every thing seems suspicious and wrong.—If this be a knowledge of mankind, who would not wish to remain in ignorance?— — Why does Emilia stay so long?— — He dislikes the father—consequently, if he admire the daughter, it is concluded that he means to bring disgrace into the family.

EMILIA *rushes in, much alarmed.*

Emi. Heaven be praised! I am now in safety. Or has he even followed me hither? (*Throwing back her veil and espying her mother*) Has he, my mother, has he?—No, thank heaven.

Cla. What agitates you thus, dear girl?

Emi. Nothing—nothing.

Cla. Can nothing make you look thus fearfully around—and tremble thus?

Emi. What have I been obliged to hear?—And where have I been obliged to hear it?

Cla. I thought you were at church.

Emi. I was. But what are churches and altars to the vicious?—Oh, my mother! *(Throws herself into* Claudia's *arms.)*

Cla. Speak, my daughter, and remove my fears. What evil can have happened to you in the sanctuary of the Lord?

Emi. Never should my devotion have been more fervent and sincere than on this day. Never was it less what it ought to have been.

Cla. Emilia, we are all human beings. The faculty of praying fervently is not always in our power, but even the wish to do so is considered as a prayer.

Emi. And our wish to sin as a sin.

Cla. That my Emilia never wished.

Emi. No, my mother. The honour did not make me sink so low as to have such sensations. But how hard it is that vice, while dwelling in another's bosom, should force us to become her accomplices.

Cla. Compose yourself.—Collect your ideas as well as you can. Tell me at once what has happened to you.

Emi. I had just sunk upon my knees, further from the altar than usual—for I arrived too late.—I had just begun to raise my thoughts towards heaven—when some person placed himself behind me—so close behind me, that willingly as I would have moved, I could not, lest the devotion of my neighbour might interrupt mine. Devotion was the worst thing of which I thought. But it was not long before I heard a sigh close to my ear, and not the name of a saint—no—the name—do not be angry, dear mother—the name of your daughter.—My own name! Oh, that a peal of thunder had at that moment made me deaf to the rest. The voice spoke of beauty and of love—complained that this day, which crowned my happiness (if such should eventually prove the case) made him, who spoke to me, the prey of misery for ever. He conjured me—all this I was obliged to hear, but I did not look round. I wished to seem as if I was not

listening.—What more could I do? Nothing but pray that my guardian angel would strike me with deafness—even if for ever. This, too, I did. This was the only prayer, which I could utter. At length the service was at an end. I arose, trembling at the idea of being obliged to turn round, trembling at the idea of beholding him, whose impiety had so much shocked me—and when I turned, when I beheld him——

Cla. Whom, my daughter?

Emi. Guess, dear mother, guess; I thought I should have sunk into the earth. Himself.

Cla. Whom do you mean?

Emi. The Prince.

Cla. The Prince! Blest be the impatience of your father's disposition! He was here just now, and would not stay 'till you returned.

Emi. My father not stay till I returned!

Cla. If, in the midst of your confusion, you had told him what you have just related——

Emi. Well, dear mother—could he have found any thing in my conduct deserving censure?

Cla. No—as little as in mine. And yet, yet—you do not know your father. When enraged, he would have mistaken the innocent for the guilty—he would have fancied me the cause of what I neither could prevent nor foresee. But proceed, my daughter, proceed. When you recognized the prince, I trust that you had sufficient command over yourself to convey, by your looks, the contempt which he deserved.

Emi. That I had not. After the look with which I recognized him, I had not courage to cast a second towards him. I fled.

Cla. And the prince followed you?

Emi. That I did not know till I had reached the porch, where I felt my hand seized—by him. Shame made me stop;

for had I endeavoured to extricate myself, I should have attracted the attention of every one who was passing. This was the only idea which then occurred to me, or which I at present remember. He spoke, and I replied—but what he said, or what I replied, I know not. Should I recollect it, my dear mother, you shall know it. My senses had forsaken me—nor did they return till I found myself in the street. I heard his steps behind me—I heard him follow me into the house—I heard him run after me up stairs——

Cla. Fear has its peculiar faculty, my daughter. Never shall I forget the countenance with which you rushed into this room!—No. He dared not follow you so far.—Heavens! Had your father known this!—How angry was he when I merely told him that the prince had lately seen you, and spoken in your praise!—Be at ease, however, my dear girl. Fancy what has happened a mere dream. No serious consequences can arise from it. To-day you will become the wife of Appiani, and thereby escape every design which may be formed against you.

Emi. But at all events the count must know it. To him I must relate it.

Cla. By no means. Wherefore? Why? Do you wish to make him uneasy without a cause? And granting that he may not become so at present—know, my child, the poison, which does not operate immediately, is not on that account less dangerous. That which has no effect upon the lover, may have a serious one upon the husband. The lover might even be flattered with the idea of bearing away the prize from so great a rival; but when he has borne it away, —alas, my dear Emilia, the lover often becomes quite another being. Heaven forbid that you should ever know this by experience!

Emi. Dear mother, how willingly I always submit to your superior judgment. But should he learn from any other person that the prince spoke to me to-day, would not

my silence increase his uneasiness?—I think it would be better not to conceal any thing from him.

Cla. Weakness—the weakness of a girl, who loves and is beloved. Let him, on no account, know what has happened.

Emi. I submit. I have no will when I hear your's.—— I feel, indeed, more easy. What a silly, fearful girl I am! I might have conducted myself otherwise, and should, perhaps, have been as little inclined to forgive myself.

Cla. I would not say this, till your own good sense had said it, which I was sure would be the case as soon as your alarm was at an end. The prince is a gallant young man. You are not used to the unmeaning language of gallantry. In your mind a civility becomes a sensation—a compliment becomes a declaration—an idea, a wish—a wish, a design. Nothing, in this language, sounds like every thing, while every thing is in reality nothing.

Emi. Then must my terror have appeared to you ridiculous indeed.—Oh, you are right. My good Appiani shall never know what has happened. He might, perhaps, think me more vain than virtuous.—Ha! He comes. That is his step.

Enter APPIANI, *in deep meditation. His eyes are cast down, and he approaches without observing* Claudia *and* Emilia, *till the latter runs towards him.*

App. Ha! My dearest! I did not expect to find you in this room.

Emi. I wish you to be cheerful, though you may not expect to see me. Why so grave and solemn? Surely this day should inspire you with happy sensations?

App. This day is of greater value than my whole life; but it teems with so much bliss for me——perhaps it is this very bliss, which makes me so grave—so solemn, as you

express it. (*Espies* Claudia.) Ha! You too here, madam. This day I hope to address you by a more familiar name.

Cla. Which will be my greatest pride.—How happy you are, Emilia! Why would not your father share our delight?

App. But a few minutes have elapsed since I tore myself from his arms—or rather he from mine.—What a man is your father, my Emilia! A pattern of every manly virtue! With what sentiments does his presence inspire my soul? Never is my resolution to continue just and good, so firm as when I see or think of him. And by what, but by fulfilling this resolution, can I make myself worthy of the honour which is conferred upon me, when I become his son—when I become your husband, dear Emilia?

Emi. And he would not await my return home.

App. Because he would but have been distressed that his visit could be no more than momentary.

Cla. He expected to find you employed about your bridal ornaments, and heard—

App. What I heard again from him with every feeling of love and admiration. Right, my Emilia. I shall be blessed with a pious wife, and one who is not proud of her piety.

Cla. But let us not, by attending too much to one subject, entirely forget another. Now go, Emilia.

App. Go! Why?

Cla. Surely, my lord, you would not lead her to the altar in her present dress.

App. In truth, I was not, till you spoke, aware of that. Who can behold Emilia, and observe her dress? Yet why should I not lead her to the altar thus?

Emi. No, dear count, not exactly thus; yet in a dress not much more gay. In a moment I shall be ready. I do not mean to wear those costly jewels, which were the last present of your prodigal generosity. Oh, I could quarrel with those

jewels were they not your present—for thrice I've dreamt, that while I wore them, every diamond changed suddenly to a pearl—and pearls, you know, dear mother, signify tears.

Cla. Child, the interpretation is more visionary than the dream. Were you not always more fond of pearls than diamonds?

Emi. I own that I—

App. (*Thoughtful and melancholy.*) Signify tears!

Emi. How! Does the idea strike you?

App. It does, though I ought to be ashamed that such is the case; yet when the fancy is disposed for sad impressions—

Emi. But why should your's be thus disposed? What did I wear, when I first attracted your attention? Do you remember?

App. Remember! I never see you in idea but in that dress.

Emi. I mean to wear one just the same—airy and free—

App. Excellent!

Emi. And my hair—

App. In natural ringlets as at that time.

Emi. Not forgetting the rose in it. Right! Have a little patience, and you shall see me thus. [*Exit.*

App. (*Looks after her with a downcast mien.*) "Pearls signify tears!"

Cla. Emilia's remark was just, my lord. You are to-day more grave than usual. And why? You are now but a step from the point of your wishes. Can you repent that such is your situation?

App. How could such a suspicion find a place in your mind? But it is true. I am to-day uncommonly dejected. You say I am but a step from the point of my wishes. True. I therefore have not reached the point. All that I have seen, heard, or dreamt, has preached since yesterday this

doctrine to me. To be one step from the goal, or not to have won the race, is in reality the same. This one idea incorporates itself with every other which occurs to me. What can it mean? I understand it not.

Cla. You make me uneasy, my lord.

App. I am angry at my friends—at myself too.

Cla. Why so?

App. My friends absolutely require, that, before I solemnize my marriage, I should acquaint the prince with my intentions. They allow I am not bound to do this, but still maintain that respect towards him demands it; and I have been weak enough to be prevailed upon. I have already ordered my carriage.

Cla. (*Starts.*) For the purpose of waiting on the prince!

Enter PIRRO.

Pir. My lady, the Marquis Marinelli is at the door, and enquired for the count.

App. For me!

Pir. Here his lordship comes. (*Opens the door and exit.*)

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. I beg pardon, madam.—My lord, I called at your house, and was informed that I should find you here. I have a matter of importance to communicate. Madam, I once more beg your pardon. My business will be adjusted in a few minutes.

Cla. I will not be any hinderance to it.

[*Curtsies and exit.*

App. Now, my lord?

Mar. I come from his highness.

App. What are his commands?

Mar. I am proud in being selected to convey his most distinguished preference towards your lordship—and if Count Appiani will do me the honour of believing me one of his most devoted friends—

App. No more ceremony, I beg.

Mar. I obey. The prince is under the necessity of immediately sending an ambassador to make arrangements respecting his marriage with the daughter of the duke of Massa. He was long undetermined whom to appoint, till his choice, at last, fell upon you, my lord.

App. Upon me!

Mar. Yes—and if friendship may be allowed to speak in its own favour, I was instrumental—

App. I must own you surprise me not a little. I have long concluded that the prince would never deign to employ me.

Mar. I am sure he only waited for a proper opportunity, and if the present mission be not worthy of Count Appiani's consequence and talents, I own my friendship has been too precipitate.

App. You constantly mention this term friendship. With whom am I conversing? The Marquis Marinelli's friendship I never dreamt of gaining.

Mar. I acknowledge my fault, Count Appiani, my unpardonable fault in wishing to be your friend without your permission. But this need not, at present, come under discussion. The favour of his highness, and the dignity he offers, remain the same. I am sure that they will be eagerly accepted.

App. (*After some consideration.*) Undoubtedly.

Mar. Come, then, with me.

App. Whither?

Mar. To the prince's palace at Dosalo. All is ready. You must depart to-day.

App. What say you? To-day!

Mar. Yes. Rather now than in an hour hence. The affair requires the utmost dispatch.

App. Indeed! Then am I sorry that I must decline the honour which the prince intended to confer upon me.

Mar. How!

App. I cannot depart to-day—nor to-morrow—nor the next day.

Mar. You are joking, count.

App. With you!

Mar. Inimitable! If with the prince, the joke is so much the merrier.—You cannot?

App. No, Sir, no—and I trust that the prince himself will think my excuse sufficient.

Mar. I am eager to hear it.

App. Oh, it is a mere trifle. I mean to be married to-day.

Mar. Well—and then?

App. And then?—A strange question, methinks.

Mar. There are examples, count, of marriages having been deferred. I do not mean to infer that the delay was pleasant to the bride and bridegroom. To them it is natural enough that it should be unpleasant, yet the command of our sovereign—

App. Sovereign! A sovereign, chosen by myself, I am not bound to obey as strictly as your lordship, who are by birth his subject. I came to his court a volunteer. I wished to have the honour of serving him, but not of being his slave. I am the vassal of a greater sovereign.

Mar. Whether greater or smaller is immaterial. A monarch is a monarch.

App. Idle controversy! Enough! Tell your prince what you have heard. Tell him I am sorry it is not in my power to accept the honour offered to me, as I to-day intend to solemnize an union, which will constitute my happiness.

Mar. Will you not at the same time inform him with whom?

App. With Emilia Galotti.

Mar. Of the family which resides in this house?

App. Yes.

Mar. Humph!

App. What is your pleasure?

Mar. I should think there would be on that account less difficulty in deferring the ceremony till your return.

App. The ceremony!

Mar. Yes. The good honest parents will not think much about it.

App. The good honest parents!

Mar. And the lady will remain faithful to you of course.

App. Of course!——But indeed these expressions are used of course by a court-monkey.

Mar. This to me, count!

App. Why not?

Mar. Heaven and hell! You shall hear from me.

App. Pshaw! The monkey is envious, but—

Mar. Death and damnation!—Count, I demand satisfaction.

App. You shall have it.

Mar. And would insist upon it instantly—did I not think it wrong to interrupt the bridegroom's joys.

App. Good-natured creature!—You shall not put yourself to any inconvenience. (*Seizes his arm.*) I own an embassy to Massa does not suit me, but I have time enough to take a walk with you. Come.

Mar. (*Extricates himself from the* Count's *grasp.*) Patience, my lord, patience! [*Exit.*

App. Go, worthless wretch.——I am obliged to him for having forced my blood into circulation. I feel better.

Enter CLAUDIA, *hastily and alarmed.*

Cla. Heavens! My lord—I overheard some warm expressions. Your cheeks glow with anger. What has happened?

App. Nothing, madam, nothing. The marquis has conferred a favour on me, by sparing me a visit to the prince.

Cla. Indeed!

App. We can therefore leave town at an earlier hour. I go to give orders respecting our departure, and shall return immediately. Emilia will, in the mean time, be ready.

Cla. May I be quite at ease, my lord?

App. Quite, I assure you. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE, *an apartment in the* PRINCE'S *palace at Dosalo.*

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Mar. In vain. He refused the proffered honour with indescribable contempt.

Prince. Thus ends all hope then. Emilia will to-day be his.

Mar. According to all appearances, she will.

Prince. I relied so firmly on your project—but who knows how ridiculously you acted? I ought to have recollected that though a blockhead's counsel may be good, an ingenious man must execute it.

Mar. A pretty reward, this.

Prince. Why should you be rewarded?

Mar. For having risked my life in your behalf. Finding that neither serious nor contemptuous remarks could prevail upon the count to accept the dignity of your ambassador, I tried to rouse his anger. I said things to him which made him forget himself. He used insulting expressions, and I demanded satisfaction—yes, satisfaction on the spot. One of us must fall, thought I. Should it be his lot, the field is our's—should it be mine—why, he must fly, and the prince will at least gain time.

Prince. Did you act thus, Marinelli?

Mar. Yes—he, who is ready to sacrifice his life for princes, ought to be informed how grateful he will find them.

Prince. And how did the count act? Report says—that he is not the man, who would wait till satisfaction was a second time demanded.

Mar. Circumstances alter cases. He said that he had something of greater consequence than a duel to occupy his attention at that time, and added, that he should be ready to meet me in a week after his marriage—

Prince. With Emilia Galotti. The idea drives me to distraction.—Thus, then, the affair ended, and now you come hither to boast that you have risked your life in my behalf.

Mar. What could I do more?

Prince. More! As if you had done any thing!

Mar. May I be allowed to ask what your highness has done?—You were so fortunate as to see her at church—and spoke to her, of course.

Prince. (*With a sneer.*) You have curiosity enough—but I will satisfy it. All happened as I wished. You need take no further trouble, sir. She met my proposal more than half way. I ought to have taken her with me instantly. (*In a cold and commanding tone.*) Now you have had your answer, and may go.

Mar. And may go!—Yes, yes. Thus the song ends, and thus it would end, were I to try impossibilities.—Impossibilities did I say?—No. Impossible it is not, but a bold attempt. Had we the girl in our power, I would answer for it that no marriage should take place.

Prince. Ay—you would answer for any thing. I suppose, for instance, you would like to take fifty of my guards, stop the coach on the high-way, and bear a shrieking girl in triumph to me.

Mar. There are instances of girls having been obtained by force, though there has been no appearance of force in the transaction.

Prince. If you were able to do this, you would not talk so much about it.

Mar. But I must not be answerable for the consequences. Unforeseen misfortunes may—

Prince. Is it my custom to require that people shall be answerable for what they cannot help?

Mar. Therefore, your highness will—(*A pistol is fired at a distance.*) Ha! What was that?—Did not my ears deceive me? Surely I heard a shot.—And hark! Another!

Prince. What means this?

Mar. How if I were more active than you thought me?

Prince. More active! Explain, then—

Mar. In short, what I mentioned is now taking place.

Prince. Is it possible?

Mar. But forget not, prince, what you just now promised.—You pledge your word that—

Prince. The preparations are surely arranged—

Mar. As well as possible. The execution of my plan is entrusted to people on whom I can rely. The road, as you know, lies at the end of your garden. There the carriage will be attacked by a party, whose only intention will apparently be to rob the travellers. Another party (one of whom is my trusty servant) will leap from the garden as if to assist those who are attacked. During the mock-battle between the two parties, my servant will seize Emilia, as if with the intention of rescuing her from the robbers, and bring her through the garden into the palace. This is the plan. What says your highness now?

Prince. You surprise me most extremely.—A fearful sensation overpowers me—(Marinelli *walks to the window.*) For whom are you looking?

Mar. That must be the scene of action—and see, some one approaches in a mask—doubtless to acquaint me with the issue of the attempt. Withdraw awhile, prince.

Prince. Alas, Marinelli—

Mar. Well—now, doubtless, I have done too much—before too little.

Prince. Not so—not so—yet I cannot perceive—

Mar. Perceive!—All will be clear to you at once. Instantly withdraw, I do beseech you. Let not this fellow find you here. [*Exit* Prince.

Mar. (*Goes again to the window.*) I see the carriage slowly returning to town, and two servants with it. I do not like this appearance. I fear the plot has but half succeeded. A wounded man they would drive slowly—not a dead one.—The fellow in the mask comes nearer. 'Tis Angelo himself.—He beckons to me—he must be certain that he has succeeded.—Ha! Ha! Count Appiani. You refused an embassy to Massa, and have been obliged to go a longer journey. Who taught you so well to know a monkey? How do you like this monkey's trick? (*Walks towards the door.*) True—they are envious.—Well, Angelo?

Enter ANGELO, *with his mask in his hand.*

Ang. Be ready, my lord. She will be here directly.

Mar. How did you succeed in other respects?

Ang. As you wished, I have no doubt.

Mar. How is it with the count?

Ang. So, so. But he must have had some suspicions, for he was not quite unprepared.

Mar. Quick tell me—is he dead?

Ang. I am sorry for him, poor man—yes.

Mar. There! Take that for thy compassion. (*Gives him a purse.*)

Ang. And our poor Nicholas, he was dispatched too.

Mar. What! Loss on both sides!

Ang. Yes. I could cry for the honest lad's fate; though I come in for another quarter of this purse by it; for I am his heir, because I revenged him. This is a law among us, and as good a law, methinks, as ever was made for the support of friendship and fidelity. This Nicholas, my lord—

Mar. No more of your Nicholas! The count—

Ang. True. The count finished him, and I finished the count. He fell, and though he might be alive when they put him into the coach, I'll answer for it that he will never come alive out of it,

Mar. Were you but sure of this, Angelo—

Ang. Never trust me again, if it be not true.—Have you any further commands?—For I must be on the other side of the borders before sun-set.

Mar. Go, then.

Ang. Should any thing else occur in my way, you know where to hear of me, my lord. My terms will always be the most reasonable. [*Exit.*

Mar. 'Tis well—yet not so well as it might have been. Shame on thee, Angelo! Surely the count was worthy of a second shot. Now, the poor wretch must die in lingering agony. Shame on thee, Angelo! It was cruel not to dispatch him entirely.— — The prince must not know what has happened. He himself must discover what advantages result to him from the count's death.—Death!—What would I give for certainty upon this subject!

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. She comes, she comes. She hastens hither even quicker than the servant. Fear seems to make her fly. She must not as yet suspect our design. Her present purpose is but to escape the robbers.

Mar. We shall be in possession of her at all events.

Prince. But will not her mother come in search of her? Will not the count discover her retreat? What can we then do? How can I withhold her from them?

Mar. To all this I own I can make no reply. But we

must see. Compose yourself, prince. This first step was, at all events, necessary.

Prince. How so, if we be obliged to recede?

Mar. That may, perhaps, not be the case.—There are a thousand arts which may be used. Have you forgotten the chief one?

Prince. Forgotten! How can I have forgotten that of which I never thought? What mean you?

Mar. The art of pleasing and persuading—which in a prince who loves is never wanting.

Prince. Not wanting!—True, except when it is most necessary. I have already made a poor attempt in this art to-day. All my flattery, all my asseverations could not obtain one word from her. Mute, trembling, and abashed, she stood before me like a criminal, while listening to the judge's fatal sentence. Her alarms were infectious. I trembled also, and concluded by imploring her forgiveness. Scarcely dare I speak to her again—and at all events I dare not be present when she arrives. You, Marinelli, must receive her. I will listen to your conversation, and come when I feel more collected. [*Exit.*

Mar. If she did not see him fall—and of course she could not, as she fled so instantly.——I hear her, and will not meet her eye so suddenly. (*Withdraws to a corner of the apartment.*)

Enter BAPTIST *and* EMILIA.

Bap. Into this room, dear lady.

Emi. (*Scarcely able to breathe.*) Oh!—I thank you, my friend—I thank you—But—Heavens! Where am I?—Quite alone too!—Where are my mother and the count?—They followed me I hope! They will soon be here?

Bap. Most likely they will.

Emi. Are you not certain, then? Did you not see them? Were not pistols fired behind us?

Bap. I did not hear them.

Emi. Surely, surely you did. Oh heavens! My mother or the count is murdered.

Bap. I'll go in search of them instantly.

Emi. Not without me! I'll go with you—I must go with you.—Come friend.

Mar. *(Approaches as if he had just entered.)* Ha! Fair lady! What misfortune, or rather what good fortune has procured me the honour—

Emi. How!—You here, my lord!—This, then, is, doubtless, your house. Pardon my intrusion. We have been attacked by robbers. Some good people came to our assistance, one of whom was this honest man, who took me out of the carriage, and brought me hither. But I am alarmed to find that I alone am rescued, My mother is still in danger. Behind us I heard pistols fired. She is perhaps dead. Pardon me. I must away. I must return to the place, which I ought not to have quitted.

Mar. Compose yourself, dear lady. All is well. The beloved persons, for whom you feel this tender anxiety, will soon be here.—Run, Baptist. They may perhaps not know where this lady is. See whether they have taken refuge in any house near the road, and conduct them hither instantly.

[*Exit* Baptist.

Emi. Are you sure they are safe? Has nothing happened to them?—Oh what a day of terrors has this been to me! But I ought not to remain here. I ought to meet them.

Mar. Why so, dear lady? You are even now almost breathless.—Rather compose yourself, and have the goodness to step into a room, where you will find less interruption than in this. I am sure the prince has already found your worthy mother, and is conducting her hither.

Emi. Who?

Mar. Our gracious prince himself.

Emi. (*Extremely terrified.*) The prince!

Mar. He flew to your assistance as soon as he was informed of your situation. He is highly incensed that such a crime should have been committed so close to himself—nay almost before his eyes. He has sent persons in search of the villains, and if they be seized, their punishment will be most severe.

Emi. The prince!—Where am I, then?

Mar. At Dosalo, the prince's palace.

Emi. What an accident!—And you think he will soon be here?—But with my mother, surely.

Mar. Here he is.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. Where is she? Where is she?—We have been every where in search of you, dear lady.—You are well, I hope?—Now, all is well. The count and your mother—

Emi. Oh prince! Where are they? Where is my mother?

Prince. Not far from us—in the neighbourhood.

Emi. Heavens! In what a situation shall I find one or both of them! For your highness conceals from me—I perceive—

Prince. I conceal nothing, be assured. Lean on my arm, and accompany me to them.

Emi. (*Irresolute.*) But—if they be not wounded—if my presages be not true—why are they not already here?

Prince. Haste then, that all these sad presages may at once be banished.

Emi. What shall I do? (*Wrings her hands.*)

Prince. How! Can you harbour any suspicion against me?

Emi. (*Falls at his feet.*) On my knees I entreat you—

Prince. (*Raising her.*) I am quite ashamed.—Yes, Emilia, I deserve this mute reproach. My conduct this morning cannot be justified. Pardon my weakness. I ought not to have made you uneasy by an avowal, from which I could expect no advantage. I was amply punished by the speechless agitation with which you listened to it. And though I may be allowed to think this accident the signal of more favourable fortune—this accident, which allows me to behold and speak to you again before my hopes for ever vanish—this accident, which gives me an opportunity of imploring your forgiveness—yet will I——do not tremble—yet will I rely entirely on your looks. Not a sigh, not a syllable shall offend you. All I beg is that you will not suspect me of any bad intention—that you will not for a moment doubt the unbounded influence which you possess over me—that you will never think you need the protection of another against me. And now come—come where transports, which you more approve, await you. (*Leads her away not without opposition.*) Follow us, Marinelli.

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Emilia.

Mar. (*Alone.*) Follow us! That means of course—Follow us not. He will now find how far he can proceed with her, when no one witnesses their actions. All that I have to do is to prevent intrusion. On the part of the count I now do not expect it—but on that of her mother——Wonderful, indeed, would it be, were she to have quietly departed, leaving her daughter unprotected.—Well, Baptist, what now?

Enter BAPTIST *in haste.*

Bap. The mother, my lord.

Mar. As I suspected. Where is she?

Bap. She will be here in a few moments, unless you prevent it. When you ordered me to look for her, I understood you, and felt little inclination for the employment. But by chance I heard her shrieks. She is in search of her daughter, and will, I fear, discover our whole plot. All the people, who inhabit this retired country, have gathered round her, and each vies with his neighbour for the pleasure of shewing her the way. Whether she has been told that you are here, or that the prince is here, I know not. What is to be done?

Mar. Let us consider.—— Refuse her admittance when she knows that her daughter is here!—That must not be. Her eyes will roll with anger, to be sure, when she finds her lambkin in the clutches of the wolf.—Eyes!—They would be of little consequence, but heaven have mercy on our ears! Well, well.—A woman's lungs are not inexhaustible. She will be silent, when she can bawl no longer.—Besides, the mother it is whom we should gain over to our side—and if I be a judge of mothers—to be a sort of prince's stepmother would flatter most of them.—Let her come, Baptist, let her come.

Bap. Hark, my lord!

Cla. (Within.) Emilia! Emilia! My child! Where are you?

Mar. Go, Baptist, and use your endeavours to dismiss her inquisitive conductors.

As BAPTIST *is going,* CLAUDIA *meets him.*

Cla. Ha!—You took her out of the carriage. You led her away. I know you again. Where is she? Speak, wretch.

Bap. Is this your way of returning thanks?

Cla. Oh, if you merit thanks— *(In a mild tone)* forgive

me, worthy man.—Where is she? Let me no longer be deprived of her. Where is she?

Bap. She could not be more safe, were she protected by angels.—My master, here, will conduct you to her. (*Observes that some people are attempting to follow* Claudia.) Back there! Begone. [*Exit, driving them away.*

Cla. Your master! (*Espies* Marinelli, *and starts.*) Ha!—Is this your master?—You here, Sir—and my daughter here—and you—you will conduct me to her?

Mar. With great pleasure, madam.

Cla. Hold! A circumstance just occurs to me. It was you, I think, with whom I this morning left Count Appiani at my house, and with whom he afterwards had a quarrel?

Mar. Quarrel! That I did not know. We had a trifling dispute respecting affairs of state.

Cla. And Marinelli is your name.

Mar. The Marquis Marinelli.

Cla. True. Hear then, Marquis Marinelli. Your name, accompanied with a curse— — but no—I will not wrong the noble youth—the curse was added by myself—your name was the last word uttered by the dying count.

Mar. The dying count! Count Appiani!— — — You hear, madam, what most surprises me in this your strange address.—The dying count!—What else you mean to imply I know not.

Cla. (*With asperity, and in a deliberate tone.*) Marinelli was the last word uttered by the dying count.—Do you understand me now? I myself did not at first understand it, though it was spoken in a tone—a tone, which I still hear. Where were my senses that I could not understand it *instantly?*

Mar. Well, madam, I was always the count's friend—his intimate friend. If, therefore, he mentioned my name at the hour of death—

Cla. Yes—and in what tone did he mention it? I cannot imitate—I cannot describe it—but it signified— — every thing.— — What! Were we attacked by robbers? No—by assassins—by hired assassins— — and Marinelli was the last word uttered by the dying count, in such a tone—

Mar. In such a tone! Did any one ever hear that the tone used by a man at the moment of alarm was made a ground of accusation against an upright man?

Cla. Oh that I could appear before a tribunal of justice, and imitate that tone!— — Yet—wretch that I am! I forget my daughter.—Where is she?—Dead too! Was it my daughter's fault that Appiani was thy enemy?

Mar. I revere the mother's fears, and therefore pardon you.—Come, madam.—Your daughter is in one of the adjoining rooms, and I hope her alarms are by this time at an end. With the tenderest solicitude is the prince himself employed in comforting her.

Cla. Who?

Mar. The prince.

Cla. The prince!— — Wretched mother that I am!—And her father, her father!—He will curse the day of her birth. He will curse me.

Mar. For heaven's sake, madam, what idea have you now adopted?

Cla. It is clear.—To-day—at church—before the eyes of the Redeemer—in the presence of the Eternal Judge, this act of villany began. Murderer! Mean cowardly murderer! Thou wert not bold enough to meet him face to face, but wert base enough to bribe assassins that another might be gratified. Thou scum of murderers! Why may I not spit my gall into thy face—thou *pander?*

Mar. You rave, good woman.—Moderate your tone, and remember where you are.

Cla. Where I am!—What cares the lioness, when robbed of her young, in whose forest she roars?

Emi. (*Within.*) Ha! My mother! I hear my mother's voice.

Cla. 'Tis she. She has heard me.—Where are you my child?—I come, I come.

[*Rushes into the room, followed by* Marinelli.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *as in the last act. Enter* PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. Come, Marinelli, I must collect myself—I must have information from you.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! had you seen the frantic conduct of the mother, in this room! You heard how she raved and bawled—yet how tame she was as soon as she beheld you! Ha! ha! Yes—I never yet knew the mother who scratched a prince's eyes out, because he thought her daughter handsome.

Prince. You are not a correct observer.—Did not Emilia fall senseless into her mother's arms? This made the mother forget her rage. It was her daughter, not me, whom she spared? when, in a low voice, she uttered— — what I myself had rather not have heard—had rather not have understood.

Mar. What means your highness?

Prince. Why this dissimulation?—Answer me.—Is it true or false?

Mar. And if it were true.—

Prince. If it were!—It is, then—He is dead.—*(In a threatening tone.)* Marinelli! Marinelli!

Mar. Well?

Prince. By just Heaven I swear that I am innocent of the blood which has been shed. Had you previously told me that the count's life must be sacrificed—God is my witness I would as soon have consented that my own should be sacrificed.

Mar. Had I previously told you! As if the count's death was part of my plan! I charged Angelo that on his

soul he should take care no harm was done; and this, too, would have been the case, had not the count irritated the assailants, by shooting one of them.

Prince. To be sure he ought to have understood the joke better.

Mar. That Angelo was enraged, and instantly avenged his comrade's death——

Prince. Is certainly very natural.

Mar. I have chided him not a little for it.

Prince. Indeed! How friendly! Advise him never to appear again in my dominions; for I might do something more than chide him.

Mar. Very well.—I and Angelo.—Accident and premeditated murder seem to your highness the same. Remember, however, the promise claimed by me, that I was not to be answerable for any of the misfortunes which might arise.

Prince. Which might—or which should arise, did you say?

Mar. Still better! But, before you tell me in plain terms what you think of me, I beg leave to make one remark.—The count's death is by no means a matter of indifference to me. I had demanded satisfaction of him. He left the world without having granted it; and my honour, consequently, remains injured. Allowing, therefore, that in any other situation I might deserve the suspicion to which you have alluded, can I in this? (*With assumed anger.*) He who can have such an opinion of me——

Prince (Yielding.) Well, well!

Mar. Oh that he were still alive! I would give all that I possess;—(*With acrimony.*) even the favour of my prince—even that invaluable treasure would I give.

Prince. Well, well! I understand you. His death was accidental, merely accidental—you assure me that it was so, and I believe it. But will any one else believe it? Will Emilia—her mother—the world?

Mar. (*Coldly.*) It is not probable.

Prince. What, then, will they believe?—You shrug your shoulders. They will suppose this Angelo an instrument employed by me.

Mar. (*Still more coldly.*) That is very probable.

Prince. Me! me myself!—or from this hour I must renounce all hopes of ever possessing Emilia.

Mar. (*In a tone of perfect indifference.*) Which you must also have done, had the count lived.

Prince. (*Violently.*) Marinelli! (*Checking his warmth.*) But you shall not rouse my anger.—Be it so. It is so. You mean to imply that the count's death is a favourable circumstance for me;—the most favourable which could have happened—the only circumstance which could assist my passion—and, since this is the case, no matter how it happened. A count more or less in the world is of little consequence. Do these sentiments suit you?—I am not alarmed at a petty crime; but of what avail is this? It has opened a passage only again to bar it. Such is the consequence of your wise deep-laid plan.

Mar. My plan would have succeeded in every respect had not you interfered with it.

Prince. I!

Mar. Allow me to say that the step which you took at church this morning was not likely to aid it.

Prince. How did that interfere with it?

Mar. In a material point. When I undertook the business, Emilia and her mother were ignorant of the prince's attachment. How if I formed my foundation upon this circumstance, while the prince was undermining my building.

Prince. (*Sriking his forehead.*) Damnation?

Mar. How, if he himself betrayed his intentions?

Prince. Cursed idea!

Mar. For had he not himself declared his passion, what part of my plan could now have raised the least suspicion in the mind of the mother or the daughter?

Prince. True! true!

Mar. You will pardon me, therefore, if——

Enter BAPTIST *hastily.*

Bap. The countess is arrived.

Prince. What countess?

Bap. Orsina, may it please your highness.

Prince. Orsina!—Please me!—Marinelli!

Mar. I am as much astonished as yourself.

Prince. (*To Bap.*) Go—run—fly. She must not alight. I am not here—not here to her. She must return. Go, go. (*Exit* Baptist.) What does the silly woman want? How dares she take this liberty? By what means could she know that we were here? Is she come to be a spy upon my actions? Can she have heard of my new passion?—Oh, Marinelli, ſpeak, answer me. Is the man offended, who so often has declared himself my friend—and offended by a mere paltry altercation? Shall I beg your pardon?

Mar. Prince, as soon as you become yourself, I always instantly am yours again.—The arrival of Orsina is as enigmatical to me as to you. But she will hardly brook the dismissal you have sent. What will you do?

Prince. I will not speak to her. I will withdraw.

Mar. Right!—Do so instantly, and let me receive her.

Prince. But merely for the purpose of telling her to go. Enter no further into conversation with her, for other things demand our attention.

Mar. Not so, not so. These other things are done. Summon resolution. What is still wanting will follow of its own accord.—But do I not hear her?—Hasten prince. In that room (*Pointing to an adjoining apartment, to which the* Prince *retires*) you may, if you please, listen to our conversation. I fear it will not be very grateful to your ears.

Enter Countess ORSINA.

Ors. (*Without perceiving* Marinelli.) What means this? No one comes to meet me, but a shameless servant, who endeavours to obstruct my entrance. Surely I am at Dosalo, where, on former occasions, an army of attendants rushed to receive me—where love and ecstasy awaited me.—Yes. The place is the same, but — — Ha! you here, Marinelli. I am glad the prince has brought you with him.—Yet, no. My business with his highness must be transacted with his highness only. Where is he?

Mar. You suppose that he is here, then,—or know that he is here. He, however, does not expect a visit from your ladyship.

Ors. Indeed! Surely, then, he did not receive my letter this morning.

Mar. Your letter!—But—yes. I remember he mentioned that he had received one.

Ors. Well? Did I not in that letter request he would meet me here to-day? I own he did not think proper to return a written answer; but I learnt that in an hour he actually drove from town to Dosalo. This I thought a sufficient answer, and therefore came.

Mar. An odd accident!

Ors. Accident!—It was an agreement—at least as good as an agreement. On my part the letter—on his the deed.—Why this appearance of surprise?

Mar. You seemed yesterday resolved never to appear before the prince again.

Ors. Calm reflection has made me abandon that resolution. Where is he? Where is he?—Probably in the chamber where I heard a noise. I wanted to go in, but the impertinent servant would not let me pass.

Mar. Dearest countess—

Ors. I heard a female shriek.—What means this, Marinelli? Tell me—if I be your dearest countess—tell me. You will not. Then I will see what it means. *(Going.)*

Mar. Hold, countess! Whither go you?

Ors. Where I ought to have been long since.—Is it proper, think you, that I should waste my time in idle conversation with you, when the prince expects me?

Mar. You are mistaken, countess. The prince does not expect you here. He cannot see you—will not see you.

Ors. And yet is here, in consequence of my letter.

Mar. Not in consequence of your letter.

Ors. He received it, you say.

Mar. Yes, but he did not read it.

Ors. (*Violently.*) Not read it! (*Less violently.*) Not read it!—(*Sorrowfully, and wiping away a tear.*) Not even read it!

Mar. From absence, not contempt.

Ors. (*With pride.*) Contempt! Who thought of such a thing? To whom do you use the term? Marinelli, you are a frontless comforter.—Contempt! Contempt! To me! (*In a milder tone.*) It is true that he no longer loves me, and some other sensation must fill the place which love occupied in his mind. But why should this be contempt? May it not merely be indifference?

Mar. Certainly, certainly.

Ors. (*With a scornful look.*) Certainly!—What a wise man art thou, who can be taught by others to say what they please! Indifference! indifference in the place of love!—That means nothing in the place of something. For learn, thou mimical court-parrot, learn from a woman, that indifference is an empty word, a sound without a meaning. The mind can only be indifferent to that of which it does not think.—Can you comprehend me, man?

Mar. (*Aside.*) 'Tis as I feared.

Ors. Why do you mutter?

Mar. I was admiring your remarks. Who does not know that the countess Orsina is a philosopher?

Ors. True. I am a philosopher. But have I now shewn it—or did I ever shew it? If so, no wonder were it if the prince despised me. How can man love a creature which in despite of him will *think?* A woman who thinks, is as disgusting as a man who uses paint. She ought to laugh—to do nothing but laugh, that the mighty lords of the creation may be kept in good humour— — Ha! Ha! Ha!—What makes me laugh now, Marinelli?—Why the accidental circumstance that I should write requesting the prince to come hither—that he should not read my letter, and nevertheless come. Ha! Ha! Ha! 'Tis an odd accident, and really amusing. Why don't you laugh, Marinelli? The mighty lords of the creation may laugh, though we may not think. (*In a solemn and commanding tone.*) Laugh, marquis.

Mar. Immediately, countess, immediately.

Ors. And while you speak the proper moment passes. No. Do not laugh—for, mark me, Marinelli, that which makes me laugh, has, like every thing in the world, its serious side. Accident! Could it be accidental that the prince, who little thought of seeing me, *must* see me?—Accident! Believe me, Marinelli, the word accident is blasphemy. Nothing under the sun is accidental, and least of all can this be so, of which the purpose is so evident.—Almighty and all-bounteous Providence, forgive that I with this weak sinner have given the name of accident to what so plainly is thy work—yes, thy immediate work.—(*In a hasty tone to* Marinelli.) Dare not to lead me thus astray from truth again.

Mar. But, countess—

Ors. Peace with your *but*—that term demands reflection, and—my head, my head! (*Puts her hand to her forehead.*)

Contrive that I may speak to the prince immediately, or I fear I shall not be capable of doing it. You see, Marinelli, that I must speak to him—that I will speak to him.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. (*Aside as he advances.*) I must come to his assistance.

Ors. (*Espies him, but remains irresolute whether to approach him or not.*) Ha! There he is.

Prince. (*Walks straight across the room towards the other apartments.*) Ha!—The fair countess, as I live. How sorry I am that I cannot to-day enjoy the happiness which your society always affords me. I am engaged, and am not alone. Another time, dear countess, another time.—At present detain yourself no longer—no longer, I beg.—And you, Marinelli—I want you, [*Exit.*

Mar. Your ladyship has now heard from himself, what you would not believe when I mentioned it.

Ors. (*As if petrified.*) Have I? Have I indeed?

Mar. Most certainly.

Ors. (*Deeply affected.*) "I am engaged, and am not alone." Is this the only excuse which I am worth? An excuse with which every petitioner, every importuning beggar is dismissed? Could he not even frame one little falshood for me?—Engaged! With what?—Not alone! Who is with him?—Marinelli, be compassionate—tell me a falsehood. What can a falsehood cost you? What has he to do? Who is with him? Tell me, tell me. Say any thing which first occurs to you, and I will go.

Mar. (*Aside.*) On this condition I may tell her part of the truth.

Ors. Quick, Marinelli, and I will go. He said, "Another time, dear countess!" Did he not?—That he may

keep his promise—that he may have no pretext to break it—quick, then, Marinelli—tell me a falshood, and I will go.

Mar. The prince, dear countess, is really not alone. There are persons with him, whom he cannot leave for a moment—persons, who have just escaped imminent danger. Count Appiani—

Ors. Is with him!—What a pity that I know this to be false! In an instant think of something else; for Count Appiani, if you do not know it, has been just assassinated by robbers. I met the carriage with his body in it as I came from town. Or did I not? Was it a dream?

Mar. Alas, it was not a dream. But they, who accompanied the count were rescued, and are now in this palace; namely, a lady to whom he was betrothed, and whom, with her mother, he was conducting to Sabionetta, there to celebrate his nuptials.

Ors. A lady and her mother! Is the lady handsome.

Mar. The prince is extremely sorry for her situation.

Ors. That he would be, I hope, even if she were hideous—for her fate is dreadful. Poor girl! At the moment he was to become thine for ever, he was torn for ever from thee.—Who is she? Do I know her? I have of late been so much out of town, that I am ignorant of every thing.

Mar. Her name is Emilia Galotti.

Ors. What?—Emilia Galotti! Oh Marinelli, let me not think thou speak'st the truth.

Mar. Why?

Ors. Emilia Galotti!

Mar. Yes. It is improbable that you should know her.

Ors. I do know her—though I might not yesterday. Emilia Galotti!—Answer me seriously. Is Emilia Galotti the unfortunately lady, whom the prince is engaged in consoling?

Mar. (*Aside.*) Can I have disclosed too much?

Ors. And was Count Appiani her destined bridegroom—the Count Appiani who was shot to-day?

Mar. Exactly.

Ors. (*Clapping her hands.*) Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Mar. What now?

Ors. I could kiss the demon that tempted him to do it.

Mar. Whom? Tempted? To do what?

Ors. Yes, I could kiss him—even wert thou that demon, Marinelli.

Mar. Countess!

Ors. Come hither. Look at me—stedfastly—eye to eye.

Mar. Well?

Ors. Know you not my thoughts?

Mar. How can I?

Ors. Have you no concern in it?

Mar. In what?

Ors. Swear.—No, do not swear, for that might be another crime.—But yes—swear. One sin more or less is of no consequence to a man, who is already damned.—Have you no concern in it?

Mar. You alarm me, countess.

Ors. Indeed!—Now, Marinelli—has your good heart no suspicion?

Mar. Suspicion! Respecting what?

Ors. 'Tis well.—Then I will entrust you with a secret—a secret, which will make each hair upon your head bristle towards heaven.—But here, so close to the door some one might overhear us, and—(*Puts her finger to her mouth*) mark me, it is a secret—a profound secret. (*Places her mouth to his ear, as if about to whisper, and shouts as loudly as she is able.*) The prince is a murderer.

Mar. Countess! Countess! Have you lost your senses?

Ors. Senses! Ha! Ha! Ha! I have very seldom, if ever, been so satisfied with my understanding as I am at this

moment. Depend upon it, Marinelli—but it must remain a secret between us—*(In a low voice)* the prince is a murderer—the murderer of Count Appiani. The count was not assassinated by robbers, but by bravoes whom the prince employed.

Mar. How can such a horrid suspicion fall from your lips, or enter your imagination?

Ors. How!—Very naturally. To this Emilia Galotti, who is now in the palace, and whose bridegroom was thus suddenly dispatched—to this Emilia Galotti did the prince to-day declare his passion in the church of the Dominicans. That I know, for my spies not only saw it, but heard what he said.—Now, Sir, have I lost my senses? Methinks I connect the circumstances which belong to each other very tolerably.—Or has all this happened, too, by accident? Marinelli, you no more comprehend the wickedness of man, than the ways of Providence.

Mar. Countess, your life would be in danger—

Ors. Were I to mention this again?—So much the better! So much the better! To-morrow I will repeat it aloud in the market-place—and, if any one contradict me—if any one contradict me, he was the murderer's accomplice.—Farewel.

As she is going ODOARDO *meets her.*

Odo. Pardon me, gracious lady—

Ors. I can grant no pardon here, for I have no command. You must apply to this gentleman. *(Pointing to* Marinelli.)

Mar. *(Aside.)* The father! This completes the matter.

Odo. Pardon an anxious father, Sir, for entering unannounced.

Ors. Father! *(Aside.)* Of Emilia, no doubt! Ha! Thou art welcome.

Odo. A servant came in haste to tell me that my family was in danger. I flew to the place he mentioned, and was there informed that Count Appiani is wounded—that he is carried back to town—and that my wife and daughter found refuge in this palace. Where are they, Sir, where are they.

Mar. Be at ease, colonel. Your wife and daughter are as well as can be expected after the alarm. The prince is with them. I will immediately announce you.

Odo. Why is it necessary to announce me?

Mar. Why?—You know, Sir, that you are not upon the most friendly footing with the prince. Gracious as may be his conduct towards the ladies, will your unexpected appearance be welcome to him?

Odo. You are right, Sir, you are right.

Mar. But, countess, may I not first have the honour of handing you to your carriage?

Ors. By no means.

Mar. (*Taking her hand not in the most gentle way.*) Allow me to do what civility requires.

Ors. Release me, Sir. There is no occasion. Why should civility precede duty? To announce this worthy man immediately is your duty.

Mar. Have you forgotten what the prince himself commanded?

Ors. Let him come, and repeat his commands. I shall expect him.

Mar. (*Draws* Odoardo *aside.*) I am obliged to leave you, colonel, with a lady, whose intellects—you understand me. I mention this that you may know in what way to treat her remarks, which are sometimes of a very singular nature. It would be better were you not to enter into conversation with her.

Odo. Very well, Sir. Hasten, I beseech you.

[*Exit* Marinelli.

Ors. (*After a pause, during which she has surveyed* Odoardo *with a look of compassion, while he has cast towards her a glance of curiosity.*) Alas! What has he said to you, unfortunate man?

Odo. (*Half aside.*) Unfortunate!

Ors. Truth it certainly was not—at least not one of those mournful truths which await you.

Odo. Which await me!—Do I, then, not know enough? Madam—but proceed, proceed.

Ors. You know nothing.

Odo. Nothing!

Ors. Worthy father!—What would I give that you were my father.—Pardon me. The unfortunate so willingly bind themselves to each other. I would faithfully share your sorrows—and your rage.

Odo. Sorrows and rage! Madam — — but I forget—Go on.

Ors. Should she even be your only daughter—your only child—but it matters not. The unfortunate child is always the only one.

Odo. Unfortunate!—Madam!—Why do I attend to her? Yet, by heaven, no lunatic speaks thus.

Ors. Lunatic! That, then, was the secret, which he took you aside to communicate.—Well, well.—It is perhaps not one of his greatest falsehoods.—I feel something like it — — and believe me, Sir—they who, under certain circumstances, do not lose their intellects, have none to lose.

Odo. What shall I think?

Ors. Treat me not with contempt, old man.—You have firm intellects. I know it by your resolute and venerable mien. Yet firm as they may be—I need but speak one word—and they are gone.

Odo. Oh madam, I shall have none before you speak that word, unless you speak it soon.—Speak, I conjure you—or it is not true that you belong to the good class of

lunatics, who claim our pity and respect—you are a common fool. You have not what you never had.

Ors. Mark my words, then. What do you know, who fancy that you know enough?—That Appiani is wounded? Wounded only? He is dead.

Odo. Dead! Dead!—Woman, you abide not by your promise. You wish to rob me of my intellects, when, alas, you break my heart.

Ors. Thus much by the way.—Now, let me proceed—The bridegroom is dead—and the bride—your daughter—worse than dead.

Odo. Worse! Worse than dead!—Confess she too is dead—for I know but one thing worse than death.

Ors. She is alive, and now will first enjoy the luxuries of life.—A life of joy, of bliss, of ecstasy—as long as it endures.

Odo. The word, madam! Out with the single word, which will deprive me of my intellects! Distil not thus your poison drop by drop.—The single word!

Ors. You yourself shall put the letters of it together. This morning the prince spoke to your daughter at church—this afternoon he has her at Dosalo—at his retired—his secret palace.

Odo. The prince spoke to my daughter at church!

Ors. With familiarity and fervour.—What they had to agree upon was not a trifle—and if they did agree—if your daughter made this her voluntary asylum—why, then, the prince is not guilty of positive seduction, but merely of a *trifling* murder.

Odo. Calumny! Infamous calumny! I know my daughter. If there be murder in the case, there is seduction also. (*Looks wildly round and stamps.*) Now, Claudia! Have we not lived to see a day of joy?—Oh the gracious prince! Oh the peculiar honour!

Ors. (*Aside.*) Have I roused thee, old man?

Odo. Here I stand before the robber's cave. (*Throws his coat back on both sides, and perceives he has no fire-arms.*) I should not have been surprised had I, through haste, forgotten these my hands. (*Feeling in all his pockets.*) Nothing, nothing.

Ors. Ha! I understand, and can assist you. I have brought this. (*Produces a dagger.*) There! Take it ere any one observes us.—I have something else too—poison—but that is fit for women, not for men. Take this, (*forcing the dagger upon him*) take it.

Odo. I thank thee. If any one again assert thou art a lunatic, he shall not say it with impunity.

Ors. Conceal it instantly. (Odoardo *hides the dagger.*) I have no opportunity of using it. Such will not be your case.—If you be a man, you will know when and how to use it. I am but a woman, yet I was resolute when I came hither—resolute and armed. In you I can confide—for you and I are by the same seducer injured.—Oh, if you knew how unutterably, how incomprehensibly I have been injured by him, you would almost forget his conduct towards yourself.—Do you know me? I am Orsina—the deluded forsaken Orsina—perhaps forsaken for your daughter.—But I do not mean to blame your daughter.—Soon she also will be forsaken—then another—another—and another.—Ha! (*As if in rapture.*) What a celestial thought! When all, who have been victims of his arts shall form a band—when we shall be converted into Demons—Furies——what transport will it be to tear him piecemeal, mangle his limbs, and wallowing through his entrails wrench from its seat the traitor's heart—that heart he promised to bestow on each of us, and gave to none.—What glorious revelry!

Enter CLAUDIA.

Cla. (*Looks round, and as soon as she espies her husband, flies to meet him.*) I was right.—Our protector, our deli-

verer!—Are you really here? Do I indeed behold you, Odoardo? Their whispers and their manner made me suppose it was the case.—What shall I say to you, if you as yet know nothing?—What shall I say to you if you know every thing?—But we are innocent. I am innocent. Your daughter is innocent.

Odo. (*Who, on seeing his wife, has endeavoured to compose himself.*) 'Tis well.—Be calm, and answer me, (*To* Orsina)—not that I doubt your information, madam.——Is the count dead?

Cla. Alas, yes.

Odo. Is it true that the prince spoke this morning to Emilia when at church?

Cla. It is; but if you knew how much she was alarmed—with what terror she rushed into the room where you had left me—

Ors. Now was my information false?

Odo. (*With a revengeful smile.*) I would not that it were! For worlds I would not that it were!

Ors. Am I a lunatic?

Odo. (*Wildly pacing the apartment.*) No—nor as yet am I.

Cla. You commanded me to be calm, and I obeyed—My dear husband, may I entreat—

Odo. What do you mean? Am I not calm?—Who can be calmer than I am? (*Suppressing his fury.*) Does Emilia know that Appiani is no more?

Cla. She cannot know it, but I fear that she suspects it, because he does not appear.

Odo. She weeps and shrieks, then—

Cla. No longer. You know her. She is the most timid, yet the most resolute of her sex—incapable of governing her first impressions; but after the least consideration calm and prepared for every thing. She keeps the prince at a distance—she speaks to him in a tone———Contrive, dear Odoardo, that we may depart immediately.

Odo. I came on horseback hither.—What is to be done?—You, madam, will probably return to town?

Ors. Immediately.

Odo. May I request you to take my wife with you?

Ors. That I will do with pleasure.

Odo. Claudia, this is the Countess Orsina, my friend and benefactress. Accompany her to town, and send our carriage hither instantly. Emilia must not return to Guastalla. She shall go with me.

Cla. But if—I am unwilling to leave her.

Odo. Is not her father here? I shall be admitted at last. No objections!—Come, my lady. (*Apart to her.*) You shall hear from me.—Come, Claudia. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE *as before.* *Enter* PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Mar. From this window your highness may see him.—He is walking to and fro. Now he bends this way. He comes—No, he turns again.—He is still at variance with himself—but is much calmer than he was, or at least appears to be so. To us it is immaterial which is really the case. Baptist says that he desired his wife to send the carriage hither as soon as she reached town, for he came on horseback. Observe my words. When he appears before your highness, he will humbly return thanks for the gracious protection which you were pleased to afford his family, recommend himself and daughter to your further favour, quietly return to town, and with perfect submission await the further interest which your highness may think proper to take in the welfare of his child.

Prince. But should he not be so tame—and I know him too well to expect it — — — He may, perhaps, choke his suspicions, and suppress his indignation, but instead of taking Emilia to town, he may bury her in the country, or place her in some cloister beyond my dominions.—What can then be done?

Mar. Love is ever fearful.—He will not—

Prince. But, if he were to do it, what would the death of the unfortunate count avail us?

Mar. Why these side glances? The conqueror stalks forward, and heeds not whether friend or foe fall near him.—And should he even wish to proceed in the way that your fears predict—(*After some consideration*)—I have it. Be assured the wish shall be the end of his success. I'll mar his

plan.—But we must not lose sight of him. (*Walks again to the window.*) He had almost surprised us.—He comes.—Let us withdraw awhile, and you shall hear how I'll defeat the project which you fear.

Prince. (*In a threatening tone.*) But Marinelli—

Mar. The most innocent thing in the world. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ODOARDO.

Odo. Still no one here! 'Tis well. They allow me time to become cool. Nothing is more contemptible than a hoary-headed man transported with a youth's ungovernable fury. I have often said this, yet I suffered myself to be hurried away — — by whom? By a woman whom jealousy had driven to distraction. What has injured Virtue to do with the revenge of Vice? I have but to save the former.—And thy cause, my son — — — I could never weep—and will not learn it now. There is *another*, who will undertake thy cause.—Sufficient will it be for me that thy murderer does not enjoy the fruit of his transgression.—May this torment him more than even the crime itself, and when at length loathsome satiety shall drive him from one excess to another, may the recollection of having failed in this, poison the enjoyment of them all. In every dream may my Emilia appear to him, and at her side the murdered count—and when, in spite of this, he stretches forth his arms to seize the prize, may the derision and loud laughter of the damned sound in his ears, and wake him to be wretched.

Enter MARINELLI.

Mar. We have been looking for you, Sir.

Odo. Has my daughter been here?

Mar. No—but the prince——

Odo. I beg his pardon. I conducted the countess to her carriage.

Mar. Well! And where is your lady?

Odo. She accompanied the countess for the purpose of sending my carriage hither. I only request that the prince will have the goodness to let me stay with my daughter till it arrives.

Mar. Why this ceremony? The prince would have conveyed both the ladies to town with the greatest pleasure.

Odo. One of them would have been under the necessity of declining that honour.

Mar. How so?

Odo. My daughter shall not go to Guastalla again.

Mar. Indeed! Why not?

Odo. Count Appiani is dead.

Mar. For that very reason—

Odo. She shall go with me.

Mar. With you!

Odo. With me.—I tell you the count is dead. What therefore has she to do in Guastalla? She shall go with me.

Mar. The future residence of the lady must certainly depend upon her father—but at present—

Odo. Well? What?

Mar. At present you must allow her to be conveyed to Guastalla.

Odo. I must allow! And why?

Mar. Why! Consider—

Odo. (*Incensed.*) Consider! The matter needs no consideration. She must and shall go with me.

Mar. We need have no contention on the subject, Sir. I may be mistaken. What I think necessary may not be so.—The prince is the best judge—he, therefore, will decide. I shall bring him to you. [*Exit.*

Odo. How!—Never!—Prescribe to me whither she shall go!—Withhold her from me!—Who will do this?—Who dares attempt it?—He, who dares here do any thing

he pleases? — — 'Tis well, 'tis well.—Then shall he see what I dare attempt.—Short-sighted voluptuary! I defy thee. He, who regards no law, is as independent as the prince, who is subject to no law. Come on, come on. — — But what am I saying? My temper is again overpowering the dictates of my reason. What will not a courtier assert? Better would it have been, had I allowed him to proceed. He would have stated the pretext for conveying my daughter to Guastalla, and I could now have prepared myself to make a proper reply.—But can my reply be otherwise! — — I hear footsteps.—I will be calm.

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. My dear worthy Galotti, I hope you are well. Some accident must happen ere I can hope to see you—but I do not mean to reproach you.

Odo. I have ever thought it wrong to force myself into the presence of my prince. He will send for those whom he wants. Even now I beg pardon—

Prince. Would that many, whom I know, possessed this modest pride!—But to the subject. You are, doubtless, eager to see your daughter. She is again alarmed on account of her mother's sudden departure.—And why should she have departed? I only waited till the terrors of your lovely daughter were removed, and then should have conveyed the ladies in triumph to Guastalla. Your arrival has diminished the pleasure of this triumph; but I will not entirely resign it.

Odo. Your highness honours me too much.—Allow me to spare my unfortunate child the various mortifications, which friendship and enmity, compassion and malignity, prepare for her in town.

Prince. Of the sweet comforts, which the friendly and compassionate bestow, it would be cruelty to rob her; but

against all the mortifications of enmity and malice, believe me, *I* will guard her, dear Galotti.

Odo. Prince, the affection of a father makes him unwilling that others should participate his cares. I think I know what alone suits my daughter in her present situation. Retirement from the world—a cloister as soon as possible.

Prince. A cloister!

Odo. Till then, let her weep under the protection of her father.

Prince. Shall so much beauty wither in a cloister?—Should one disappointment make us irreconcileable to the world?—But as you please. No one has a right to dictate to you. Take your daughter wherever you think proper, dear Galotti.

Odo. (*To* Marinelli.) Now, Sir?

Mar. Nay, if you call upon me to speak—

Odo. By no means, by no means.

Prince. What has happened between you two?

Odo. Nothing whatever. We were only settling which of us had been deceived in your highness.

Prince. How so?—Speak, Marinelli.

Mar. I am sorry to interfere with what your highness has adjusted, but friendship commands that I should make an appeal to you.

Prince. What friendship?

Mar. Your highness knows how sincerely I was attached to Count Appiani—how our souls seemed to be interwoven—

Odo. Does his highness know that? Then is he indeed the only one who knows it.

Mar. Appointed his avenger by himself—

Odo. You!

Mar. Ask your lady. My name was the last word he uttered, and in such a tone——Oh may that dreadful tone sound in my ears for ever, if I do not exert every nerve to discover and to punish the offenders!

Prince. Rely upon my utmost aid.

Odo. And upon my most fervent wishes.—All this is well.—But what further?

Prince. That I, too, want to know.

Mar. It is suspected that the count was not attacked by robbers—

Odo. (With a sneer.) Indeed!

Mar. But that a rival hired assassins to dispatch him.

Odo. (With acrimony.) Indeed! A rival!

Mar. Exactly.

Odo. Well then—Heaven's lightnings blast him!

Mar. A rival—and a favoured rival too.

Odo. How! Favoured! What say you?

Mar. Nothing but what Fame reports.

Odo. Favoured! Favoured by my daughter!

Mar. That cannot be. Were you to say it I would contradict it. But, (*Turning to the* Prince) though no prejudice, however well-grounded it may appear, can be of any weight in the scale of justice, yet it will, nevertheless, be absolutely necessary that the unfortunate lady should be examined.

Prince. True.—Undoubtedly.

Mar. And where can this be done but in Guastalla?

Prince. There you are right, Marinelli, there you are right.—This alters the affair, dear Galotti. You yourself must perceive—

Odo. Yes! I perceive — — what I perceive.—Oh God! Oh God!

Prince. What now? What is the matter?

Odo. I am only angry with myself for not having foreseen what I now perceive.—Well, then—she shall return to Guastalla. I will take her to her mother, and till she has been acquitted, after the most rigid examination, I myself will not leave Guastalla.—For who knows—(*With a smile*

of bitter irony)—who knows whether the court of justice may not think it necessary to examine me?

Mar. It is very possible. In such cases justice rather does too much than too little. I therefore even fear—

Prince. What? What do you fear?

Mar. That the mother and daughter will not at present be allowed access to each other!

Odo. Not allowed access to each other!

Mar. It will be necessary to keep them separate.

Odo. To keep the mother and the daughter separate!

Mar. The mother, the daughter, and the father.—The forms of the court absolutely enjoin this caution—and I assure your highness that it hurts me to be under the necessity of suggesting that Emilia ought, at all events, to be placed in proper custody.

Odo. Proper custody!—Oh prince, prince!—But yes—of course, of course!—Right! In proper custody!—This is justice, no doubt. (*Hastily puts his hand into the pocket, in which he concealed the dagger.*)

Prince. (*In a soothing tone.*) Compose yourself, dear Galotti.

Odo. (*Aside, drawing his hand, without the dagger, from his pocket.*) That was spoken by his guardian angel.

Prince. You are mistaken. You do not understand him. You think, perhaps, when you hear the word custody, of a prison and a dungeon.

Odo. Let me think of them, and I shall be at ease.

Prince. Not a word respecting a prison, Marinelli. In this case the rigour of the law may easily be combined with the respect due to unblemished virtue. If Emilia must be placed in proper custody, I know the most proper situation for her—my chancellor's house.—No opposition, Marinelli. Thither I will myself convey her, and place her under the protection of a most worthy woman, who shall be answerable for her safety.—You go too far, Marinelli, you go too

far, if you require more.—Of course, Galotti, you know my chancellor Grimaldi and his wife?

Odo. Undoubtedly I do. I also know their amiable daughters. Who does not know them? (*To* Marinelli.) No, Sir—do not consent to this. If my daughter must be confined, she ought to be confined in the deepest dungeon. Insist upon it, I beseech you.—Fool that I was to make any request.—Yes—the good Sibyl was right. "They, who, under certain circumstances, do not lose their intellects, have none to lose."

Prince. I do not understand you. Dear Galotti, what can I do more? Be satisfied, I beg.—Yes. She shall be conveyed to the chancellor's house—I myself will convey her thither, and if she be not there treated with the utmost respect, my word is of no value. You, Galotti, may act as you think proper with respect to yourself. You may follow us to Guastalla, or return to Sabionetta, as you please. —It would be ridiculous to dictate any conduct to you.—And now, farewel for the present, dear Galotti.—Come, Marinelli. It grows late.

Odo. (Who has been standing in deep meditation.) How! May I not even see my daughter, then?—May I not even see her here?—I submit to every thing—I approve of every thing. The chancellor's house is of course the sanctuary of virtue. Take her thither, I beseech your highness—no where but thither.—Yet I would willingly have some previous conversation with her. She is still ignorant of the count's death, and will be unable to discover why she is separated from her parents. That I may apprise her of the one, and prepare her for the other, in a proper manner—I must see her, prince, I must see her.

Prince. Come, then, with us.

Odo. Surely the daughter can come to her father. Let us have a short conversation, without witnesses.—Send her hither, I beseech you.

Prince. That, too, shall be done.—Oh Galotti, if you would be my friend, my guide, my father—

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Marinelli.

Odo. (*After a pause, during which his eyes follow the* Prince.) Why not?—Most willingly.—Ha! Ha! Ha!—(*Looks wildly round.*) Who laughed?—By the Almighty I believe it was myself.—Right! Right!—I will be merry.—The game is at an end.—Thus must it be, or thus.—But—(*Pauses*) how if she were in league with him?—How if this were the usual deception?—How if she were not worthy of that which I am about to do for her?—(*Pauses again.*) And what am I about to do for her?—Have I a heart to name it even to myself?—No. Scarcely dare I think of it.—Horrible!—I will go. I will not wait until she comes. (*Raises his eyes towards heaven.*) If she be innocent, let him who plunged her into this abyss, extricate her from it. He needs not my assistance.—I will away. (*As he is going he espies* Emilia.) Ha! 'Tis too late. My assistance is required—demanded.

Enter EMILIA.

Emi. How!—You here, my father!—And you alone—without the count—without my mother!—So uneasy, too!

Odo. And you so much at ease!

Emi. Why should I not be so, my father. Either all is lost, or nothing. The ability and the necessity to be at ease—are they not in reality the same?

Odo. But what do you suppose to be the case?

Emi. That all is lost—therefore that we must be at ease, my father.

Odo. And can you be at ease, because necessity requires it?—Who are you?—My daughter?—Then should your father be ashamed of you.—But let me hear. What mean

you, when you say that all is lost? Is the death of Count Appiani all?

Emi. Ha!—Is it, then, true?—Alas! I read the horrid story in my mother's frantic looks.—Where is my mother?

Odo. She is gone to town.

Emi. Oh, let us hasten after her—let us away. For if the count be dead—if he was doomed to die on that account—Ha!—Let us fly, let us fly, my father.

Odo. Fly!—For what reason?—You are in the hands of the prince, and will remain in them.

Emi. Remain in them!

Odo. And alone—without your mother—without me.

Emi. I remain alone in his hands!—Never, my father—or you are not my father.—I remain alone in his hands!—'Tis well. Leave me, leave me.—I will see who can detain me—who can compel me to remain.—What mortal dares attempt it?

Odo. Is this your composure, Emilia?

Emi. What do you call composure?—To lay my hands in my lap, and patiently bear what I ought not to bear?

Odo. Ha!—If such be thy sentiments, come to my arms, my daughter. I have ever said, that nature, when forming woman, wished to form her master-piece, and failed in only one respect. The clay she chose possessed too much tenuity. In every respect but this, man is inferior to woman.——Ha!—If this be thy composure, I recognize my daughter. Come into my arms.—Now mark me. Under the pretence of legal examination, the prince—the robber tears thee,—(Oh infernal villany!) tears thee from our arms, and places thee under the protection of Grimaldi.

Emi. Tears me from your arms! Grimaldi!—As if we ourselves had no will.

Odo. So incensed was I that I was on the point of drawing forth this dagger, (*Produces it,*) and plunging it into the hearts of both the villains.

Emi. For heaven's sake, do not that, my father. This life is all that the bad can enjoy.—Give me, give me the dagger.

Odo. Child, it is not a needle.—Recollect, Emilia, yo too have but one life to lose.

Emi. And when I have once lost my innocence, is it no lost for ever?

Odo. Your innocence is proof against all force.

Emi. But not against seduction. Force! What is that: Nothing. Seduction, my father, seduction is the only real force, by which my honour could be overcome. The blood that courses through my veins is warm. My mind is capable of feeling soft impressions. I cannot answer for myself, were I to be placed where you describe. Grimaldi's house is a house of revelry—I was there but for a single hour, under the protection of my mother—but that one hour created such a tumult in my soul, that all the rigid exercises of religion scarcely could quell it in whole weeks. Religion! And what religion? To avoid the snares which await me, thousands have sprung into the waves, and now are saints.—Give me the dagger.

Odo. And didst thou know who armed me with this dagger—

Emi. That matters not. An unknown friend is not the less a friend. Give me the dagger, I beseech you.

Odo. And if I were—what then? There! (*He presents it—she seizes it with ardour, and is about to stab herself, when* Odoardo *wrests it from her.*) Rash girl, forbear. This weapon ill befits thy hand.

Emi. As you will.—In former days there was a father, who, to save his daughter from disgrace and infamy, plunged the first deadly weapon which he saw into his daughter's heart—and thereby gave her life, a second time.— — But all such deeds are past.—Such fathers are not to be found in these degenerate days.

Odo. They are, they are, my daughter. *(Stabs her.)*—
—God of heaven! What have I done? *(Supports her in his arms.)*

Emi. You have broken a rose before the storm had robbed it of its leaves.—Oh let me kiss this kind parental hand.

Enter PRINCE *and* MARINELLI.

Prince. Heavens! What means this? Is Emilia ill?

Odo. No. Very well, very well.

Prince. *(Approaching her.)* Horror! What do I see?

Mar. Damnation!

Prince. Cruel father, what hast thou done?

Odo. I have broken a rose, before the storm had robbed it of its leaves.—Said you not so, my daughter?

Emi. Not you, my father—I—I myself——

Odo. Emilia, quit not this world with a falshood on thy lips. 'Twas I, who gave the blow—I, thy unfortunate father.

Emi. My fa-ther — — Oh!—*(Dies in his arms—he lays her gently on the floor.)*

Odo. Farewel, sweet darling of my soul. — — There, prince!—Does she still please you? Does she still rouse your appetites?—Look at her. There she lies weltering in her blood—that blood which cries for vengeance against you. *(After a pause.)* Doubtless you wait to see the end of this. You expect, perhaps, that I shall turn the steel against myself—but you are much mistaken.—There! *(Throws the dagger at his feet.)* There lies the blood-stained testimony of my crime. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice. I go, and expect you to appear as my judge—then I shall expect you in another world, before the judge of all. [*Exit.*

Prince. (*After a pause, during which he surveys the body with a look of horror and despair, turns to* Marinelli.) Raise her from the earth.—How!—Dost thou hesitate?—Wretch! Villain! (*Tears the dagger from his grasp.*) No. Thy blood shall not be mixed with this. Go. Hide thyself for ever.—Begone, I say. [*Exit* Marinelli. Oh God! Oh God!—Is it not enough that monarchs are men? Must demons in disguise become their friends?

THE END.

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